

# dear girl,

issue 1: summer 2010

Dear You,  
This is a collection of letters that I have never sent. Some of these will be about girls I know. Some of these will be about girls I want to meet. Some of these are lies. Some of these are about you.

That's ok. The most important "you" will probably never read this. It's odd to make something so personal, but something very public. I'm over it.

I am human, therefore my heart gets broken. I am sad, I am happy, and I lie. You would think that when they made us, they would have figured out how to get over someone. Or, that maybe we would become smart and figure it out. I guess it's called moving on.

I don't do this well. I have to try really hard at it. I feel like its grade eleven math again where I work so hard to just get enough to scrape by. By nature, I am all or nothing, passive aggressive, and sometimes impulsive.

I would rather not say anymore and let my unapologetic, half rantings speak for itself. I'm sorry if you think this is about you, and it isn't.

Sincerely, your friend  
The girl who owns the world

1 to contact: whisper into your hands a secret.

DEAR GIRL,  
I HAVE SMALL  
HANDS. THIS IS SOMETHING YOU NEVER  
KNEW ABOUT ME. HOW CAN YOU LOVE SOMEONE  
WHEN YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW BIG OR  
SMALL THEIR HANDS  
ARE? HOW CAN YOU LOVE SOMEONE WHEN YOU HAVE  
NEVER HELD THEIR HAND BEFORE? IT'S JUST A HAND,  
BUT YOU WOULD HAVE LEARNED SO MUCH MORE  
ABOUT ME IF YOU KNEW  
MY HAND AS MUCH AS YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW ME.  
I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND PERVERSE, BUT IF YOU  
THINK ABOUT IT, IT REALLY MAKES SENSE.  
YOU CAN'T REALLY LOVE  
SOMEONE  
AS EASILY  
AS THAT.  
FROM  
THE GIRL WHO OWNS THE WORLD.

dear girl,

next time you go to portland, will you take me with you?  
i really like your smile, i like the colour of your shoes.  
i'll let you cut my hair while we play regina spektor.  
we will drink so much coffee. no one will tell me not  
to. no one tells you not to, but i will feel reckless. when  
we go, you will tell me all about the best places to visit.  
about the streets and intersections you wandered  
when you were trying to get over that girl who broke  
your heart.

we will have to separate again. we'll both have  
to go back to where we're from. but don't stop  
being a wanderer. i need to know there are  
more wanderers like us out there. that when i  
lay awake at night dreaming of the places i  
have to go, that there is another girl in the  
world who is doing the same thing.

don't forget to draw and think, and capture  
little moments with pictures and words.  
no matter how silly everyone might think  
this is, don't stop doing the little things  
that make you happy.

we will both find someone in our respective  
cities who will let us wander and then come  
back. for now we will travel and make art.

from

the girl who owns the  
world.

dear girl,  
i am sorry i  
didn't walk you  
to the door.  
forgive me for  
this and more.  
-the girl who  
owns the world



Dear girl,

The world is a scary place. You are too young to know this yet. You haven't even started school so you won't know that your love and excitement for something new will eventually fade.

You have yet to experience losing lovers, grandmothers and friends to death, distance and growing apart.

There are also people who will judge you for being yourself. You will meet men and women, girls and boys who will do bad, or mean things you won't understand.

When things might seem hopeless in the future, remember that at one point in your life, you were oblivious to the real ills and evils of the world.

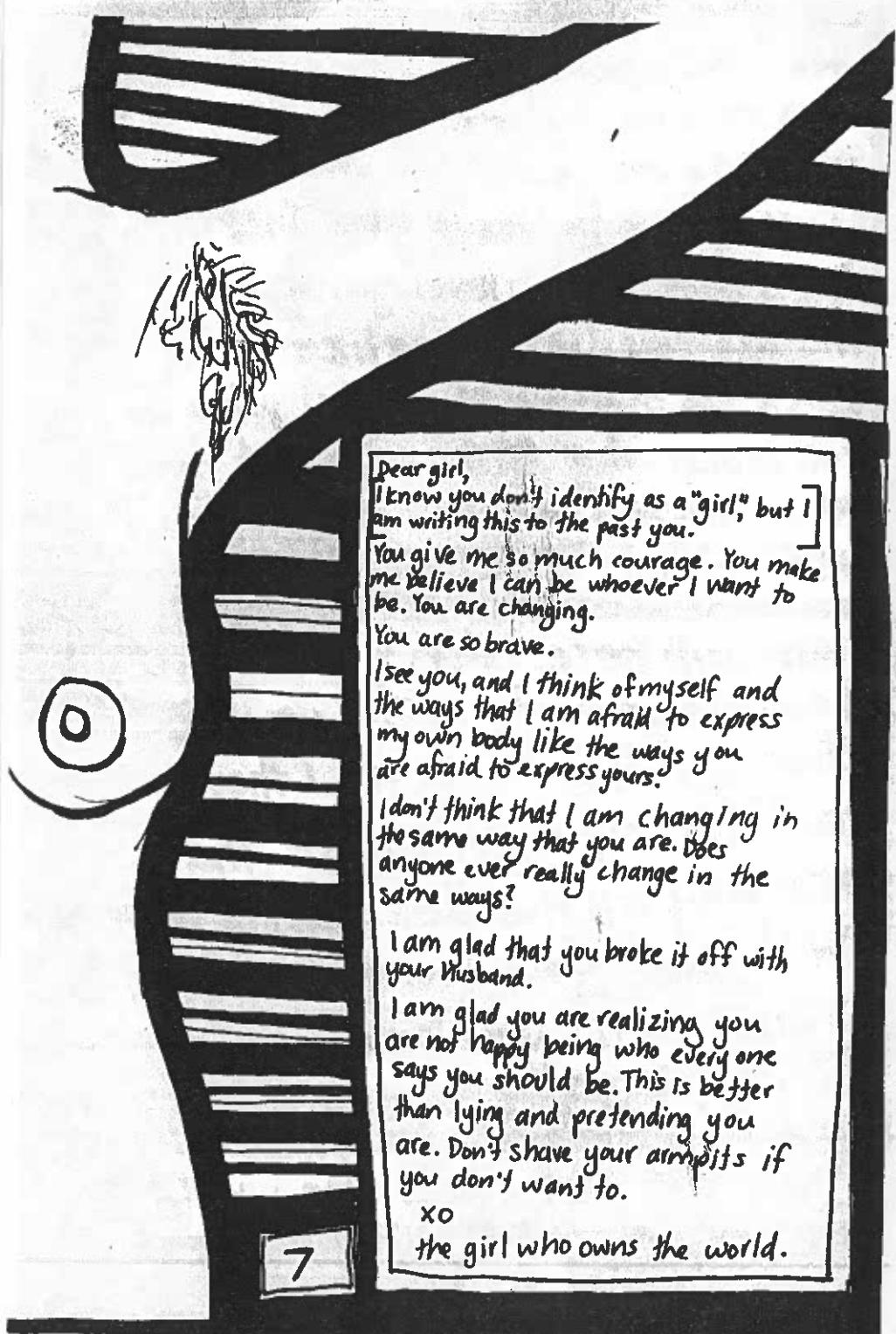
from,  
the girl who  
owns the  
world

Dear girl,

I am no one's ghost. I was never going to be yours. You were afraid I was going to leave you. Just like they did. I was never going to kill myself. You didn't realize it. You were so scared of a girl who was too much of a reminder of your past. Too self-destructive, moody, and selfish.

I am still here. I don't haunt you. I am not going to make you change cities to forget (though you left anyways). I hope that one day all the dead girls will leave you alone for good. Some nights you haunt me. sleep.

the girl who owns the world



Dear girl,

I know you don't identify as a "girl", but I am writing this to the past you.

You give me so much courage. You make me believe I can be whoever I want to be. You are changing.

You are so brave.

I see you, and I think of myself and the ways that I am afraid to express my own body like the ways you are afraid to express yours.

I don't think that I am changing in the same way that you are. Does anyone ever really change in the same ways?

I am glad that you broke it off with your husband.

I am glad you are realizing you are not happy being who everyone says you should be. This is better than lying and pretending you are. Don't shave your armpits if you don't want to.

XO

the girl who owns the world.

Dear girl,  
I really wanted to  
write you a letter.  
I was going to tell  
you all about my  
life.

I was going to write it on my green vintage type-writer sitting on the floor\* of my bedroom. I would have taken it outside and written while staring at the field across from my house. I would have shared we my favourite movies and told you why my favourite colour is green.

I did this. I went outside one evening as the sun was setting

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I began tapping out each word with conviction. Then I had to stop. I didn't feel it in me to write to you. Maybe its just because you are a profile and an address on a pen pal website. I don't know you, or if you even like sunsets. Although I wouldnt imagine there is any one who hates them.

I am sorry for this  
and more for  
recycling what I did  
write.

xoxo  
the girl who owns the  
world.

eight

DEAR GIRL,

I DESERVE BETTER. I  
DESERVE THE TRUTH. THE  
BRUTAL HONESTY OF HARSH,  
OUTRIGHT REJECTION. I AM  
AWARE THAT YOU DON'T  
LIKE ME, YOU MADE THIS  
VAGUELY CLEAR.

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T FIRE  
ME FROM A JOB. YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO GIVE REASONS WHY.  
IT'S HARD ENOUGH FORCING  
YOURSELF TO MOVE ON. YOU  
PROBABLY KNOW FROM YOUR  
OWN EXPERIENCE.

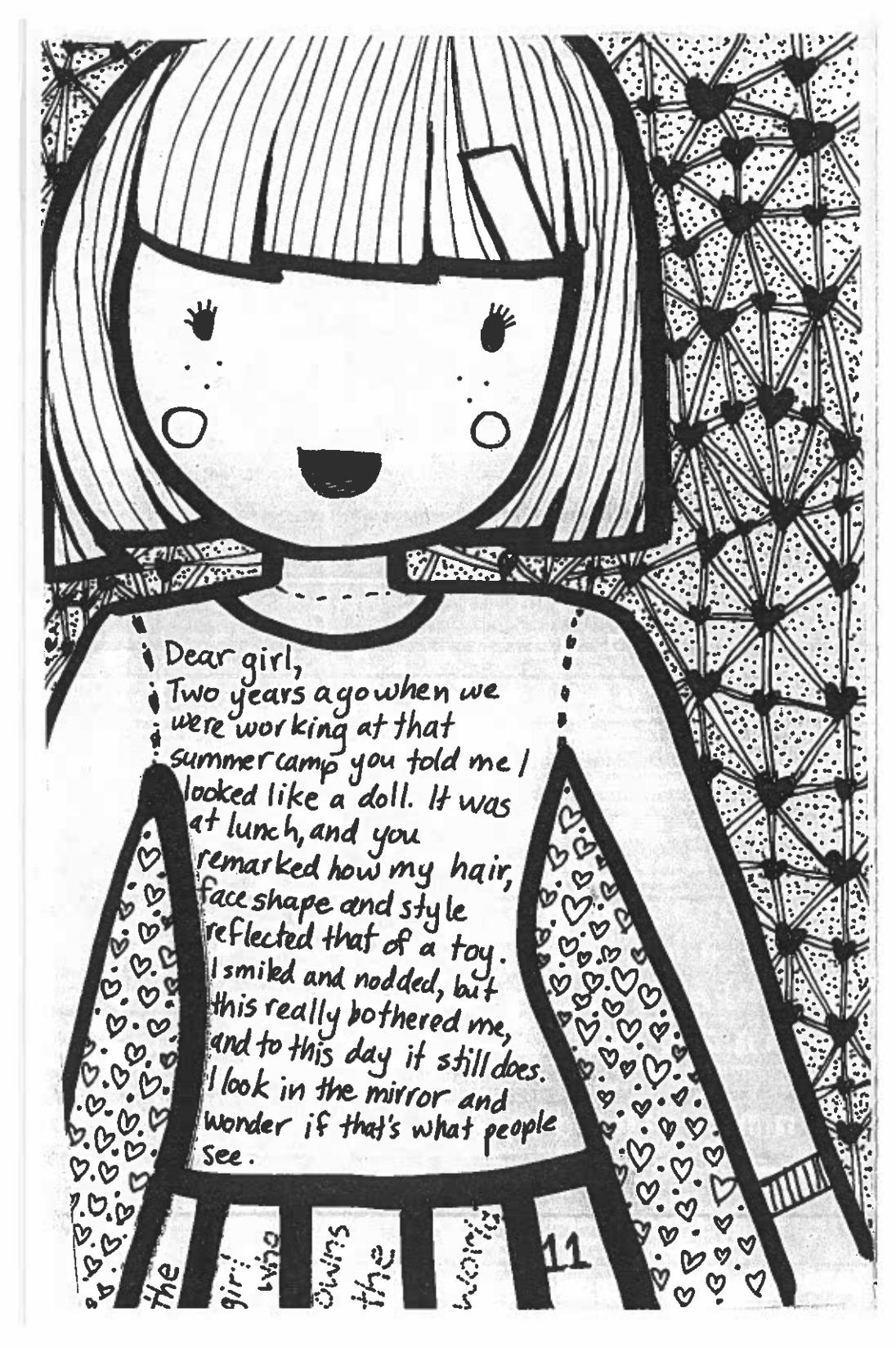
WHEN I LEFT THOSE NOTES  
THAT WERE SIGNED FROM  
THE GIRL WHO LIKES YOU,  
YOU WROTE BACK. YOU  
SAID YE HAD THINGS IN  
COMMON, AND THAT YOU  
WERE LONESOME.

THEN I TOLD YOU IT WAS  
ME. THEN WE HAD COFFEE.  
MAYBE I WAS LACKING BEAUTY  
AND CONFIDENCE. I SHOULD  
HAVE TOLD YOU THAT THE  
SONG I WROTE, THE ONE THAT  
YOU LIKED SO MUCH WAS  
ABOUT YOU.

MAYBE I AM TOO ATTAIN-  
ABLE. I WANT YOU, THEREFORE  
THERE'S NO CHASE! I AM  
IMPERFECT, I KNOW, I AM NOT  
COOL LIKE YOU OR YOUR  
FRIENDS.

I DON'T NEED A REASON WHY  
ANYMORE. NEXT TIME JUST  
DON'T BE A COWARD! SAY TO  
THEM WHAT DON'T LOOKS FOR  
Cuz... "DON'T HATE ME FOR  
HAVING FEELINGS!"  
KC

THE GIRL WHO OWNS  
THE WORLD



Dear girl,  
Two years ago when we  
were working at that  
summer camp you told me I  
looked like a doll. It was  
at lunch, and you  
remarked how my hair,  
face shape and style  
reflected that of a toy.  
I smiled and nodded, but  
this really bothered me,  
and to this day it still does.  
I look in the mirror and  
wonder if that's what people  
see.

A B C D E F G H I J K

Dear girl,

I bet you forgot this but I never will. I don't even remember your name. We had to fill out a worksheet on the alphabet. Each of the letters were written in black outlined cartoon letters.

We had to colour all the consonants yellow, and the vowels red. You turned to me and whispered, "What about 'y'?" It's sometimes a vowel and sometimes not!

I told you I coloured it half red and half yellow. You did the same. The teacher asked everyone what they coloured. You told her about 'y'.

She was impressed. Not fake impressed like grade school teachers can be. She told everyone to do the same. I was so upset and mad at you. I still am a little bit.

the girl who owns the world.

twelve

Z z Y y X x W w

DEAR GIRL,

WHEN WE WENT TO NEW YORK CITY  
ON THAT CLASS TRIP, WE WALKED  
AS A GROUP IN TIMES SQUARE.  
YOU HELD MY HAND AS WE WERE  
LED BETWEEN THRONGS OF  
PEOPLE.

YOU DIDN'T WANT TO GET LOST.  
HELD HANDS OUT OF NECESSITY  
AND NOTHING MORE.

WE WERE AT A SHOW WITH A BUNCH  
OF PEOPLE. WE MANAGED TO GET TO  
THE FRONT. A DRUNK GIRL WAS  
SCREAMING IN YOUR EAR AND  
PUSHING UP AGAINST YOU.

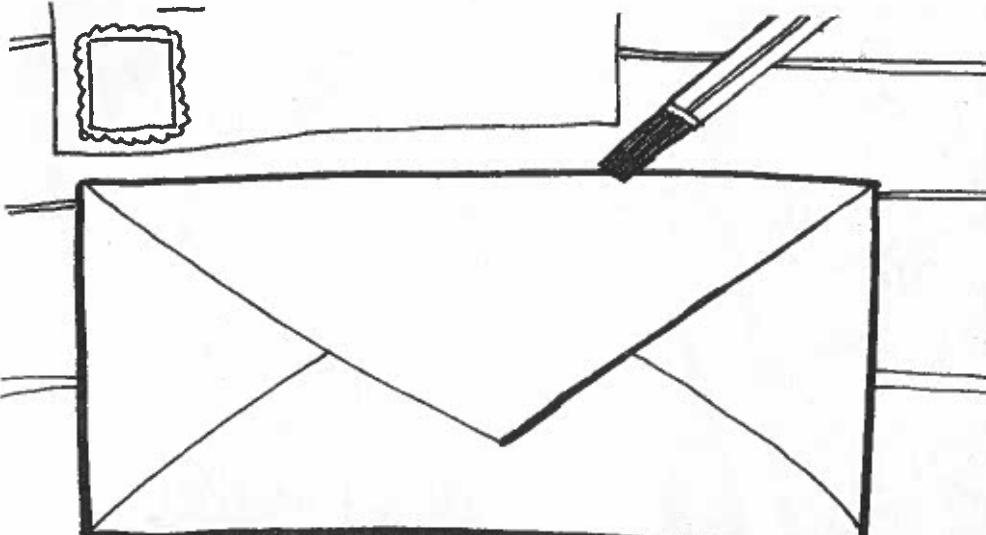
I FELT YOU HOLD MY HAND. YOU  
DIDN'T WANT TO FALL OVER. WHEN  
YOU REALIZED WHAT YOU WERE  
DOING, YOU LET GO.

I KNOW YOU HOLD LOTS OF HANDS: BOYS, GIRLS,  
BOYFRIENDS, EX-BOYFRIENDS, FRIENDS.  
BUT I NEVER FORGOT THOSE TIMES YOU  
HELD MINE.

CHASE YOUR FUTURE,  
AND I WILL CONTINUE TO CHASE  
MINE.

BEST OF LUCK,

THE GIRL WHO OWNS THE WORLD.



Dear girl,

You never wrote back. I have been a person who has been written letters and not responded. People are busy.

I never expected it from you. All the stories you told me, and all the ones I told you. I even sent you a postcard just checking in to say "hello" when I hadn't heard from you.

I hope you are happy, safe, and still live in the same house where all the artists and half-strangers visit. When I

grow up, I want to live in a place like that too.

- the girl who owns the world



8 pool party. You wore a really tight tankini swimsuit that belonged to your skinnier, older sister.

I was embarrassed to wear my black one piece suit, so I could not understand why you wore that. The kids asked the girl who's party it was why she invited you.

A boy we both didn't like made it his mission to tease you. I was just glad he wasn't teasing me. The only difference between us was that everyone liked me a little bit more, and I wore clothes that fit my body.

The boy made you want to leave. You left, and he chased you outside down the street. I contemplated leaving, but I stayed.

Even though we don't look like this, I hope people realize how nice we are. That we deserve to be loved regardless of bodies. - 15

dear girl,  
i like you for who you are. i like who you are when you write, when you think. i like you when i see you smoking outside with the boys. i like you in my dreams. i bet there are other girls who like you now. Do they like you as much as i do? Do they like you even more?

i wish i didn't remember so much about you. i have a growing mini-encyclopedia of facts about you. Useless ones like: you like brown sugar in your plain yogurt. You wish you were over the twenties and had a lover and a baby. The first time i met you, i remembered you.

i was with my friend, and he introduced me to you when you were coming out of the Print Studio one art crawl. You don't remember this. i don't even have to ask to know that you don't.

i'll only have to wait a year. Two at the most until one of us leaves this city. Then things will be easier. For now i don't mind still getting your letters and anecdotes.

i am just taking my time getting used to not caring so much about you.

All is fair in love and war, didn't someone say?  
the girl who owns the world. (sixteen)

I am the girl who owns the world. I am always thinking about things or making things. If you want to get a hold of me, whisper a secret into your hands. I understand that this itself is not very practical. So if you desire to be more practical send me a letter, or an electronic letter, or wonder about things and then I will know you are there. I will answer almost everything you write because I am often distracted from the things that "really matter" with things that really matter to me.

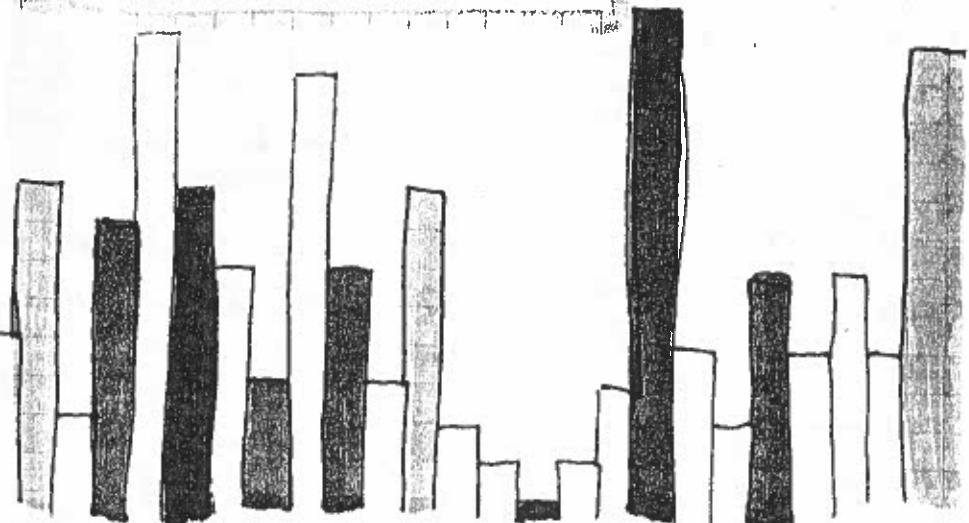
owlbookdreams at gmail .com

the girl who owns the world  
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L8G 2H7  
CANADA

The girl who owns the world is not meant to be seen as something condescending.

I do not literally own the world, nor do I aim to own the world through money or power.

I only try to own, explain and collect the little mysteries, thoughts, dreams, and reveries of myself and others.



Seventeen

## THE GIRL WHO OWNS THE WORLD

Cheap cotton dresses and fake plastic pearls  
And lipstick that's three shades too red.  
And a smile so humble, you doubt that it's true.  
She's the girl who owns the world.

She sings you a song and she calls you  
by your name and you wonder...

How does she know you when tonight's the  
first time that you saw her.

You turn and she's gone again

You wonder if she'll ever come back again,  
You hope she never comes back.

You see her again, and you hold her with your  
eyes as you walk up.

Akin' some questions, but she never even answers  
or looks up.

She runs, and she's gone again.

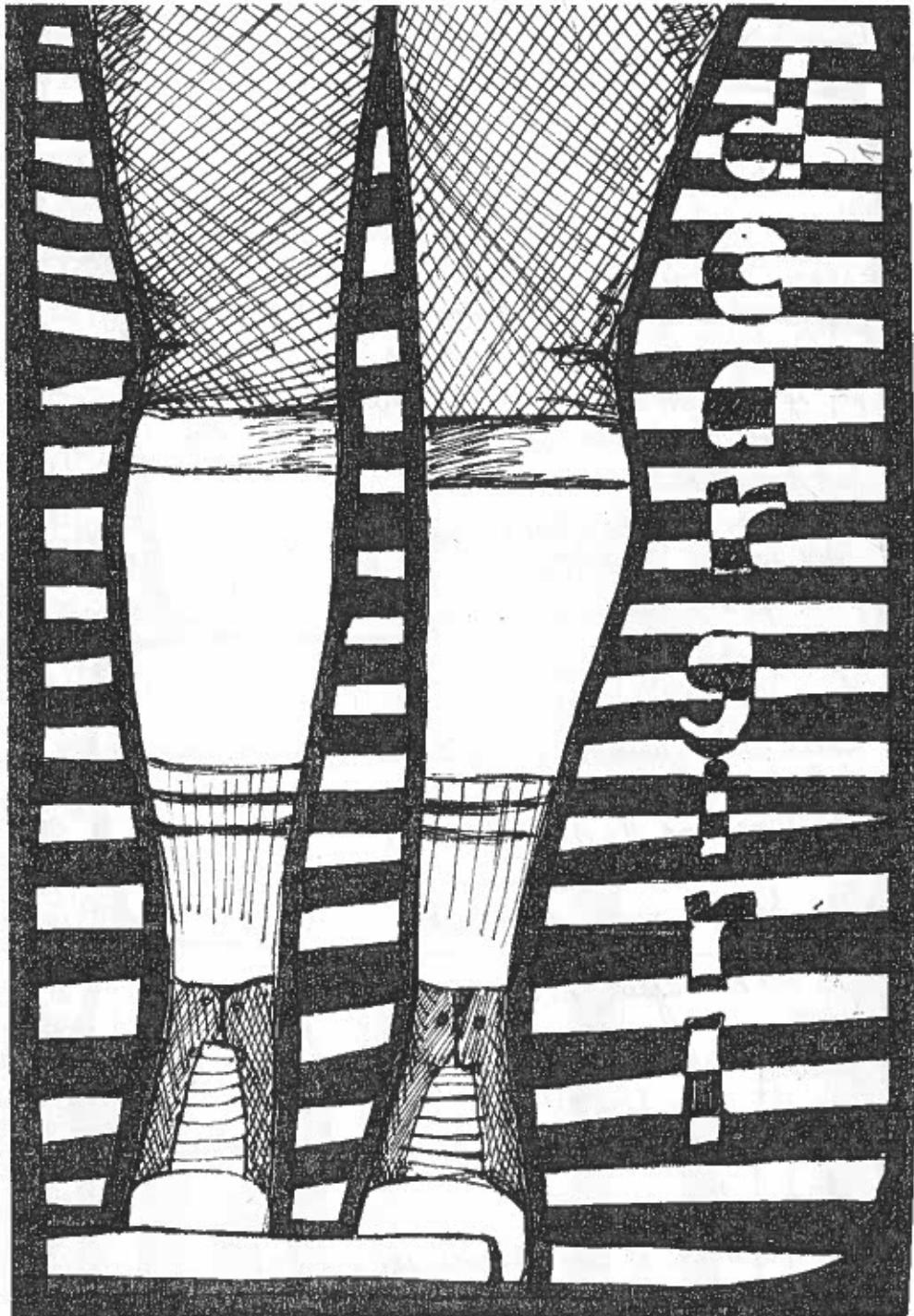
You wonder if she'll ever come back again,  
You hope she never comes back.

You see her again in the Saturday edition of the  
paper.

Smiling and laughing like the first time that  
you ever saw her.

You read, and it says she's been ~~broken~~  
missing for quite awhile.

You wonder if she'll ever come home again,  
You hope that she does.



by the girl who owns the world. made in Hamilton,  
ON. Canada.